

THE HISTORY  
OF  
**EUPHEMIA'S**  
LITTLE SCHOLARS.

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London:

PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,  
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

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# ELMDEN FARM.

*See page 3.*

*London, Published by Harvey & Darton, Gracechurch Street, Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> 1822.*

THE HISTORY

OF

EUPHEMIA'S

LITTLE SCHOLARS,

MARY AND FRANCES.

FOUNDED UPON FACT.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

“*William and his little Scholar Joseph.*”—“*The Sunday-School Visitor.*”—“*Questions on Watts's Divine Songs for Children.*”—“*Henry's Shirt,*”  
    *&c. &c.*

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1822.

THE HISTORY

OF  
EUROPE

BY  
THOMAS BROWNE

IN EIGHT VOLUMES  
PRICE 25/- EACH

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# H I S T O R Y,

*&c.*

## SECTION I.

As you pass through the village of Elmden to go to the sea-side, there is a very nice farm-house; it is situated at the extremity of the village, on the left side of the road, near the plantation. The house stands in a garden, in which, I hope, by this time, many pretty flowers are blooming; for there are two nice little girls, who will, I am sure, take great delight in cultivating them; and they can always get plenty of flowers from the hall. Their father and mother will certainly allow their little girls to take care of

them, for they are very indulgent to their children, and are quite able to gratify them in any reasonable and innocent amusement. The good stacks of corn just behind the house, and the cows that graze in the meadow, afford them plenty of bread and milk, and the pigs and poultry of the farm-yard supply them with eggs and bacon; and with the wool that comes off the sheep's back, I do think they can knit themselves stockings; however, if they cannot yet do that, their mother will buy them stockings enough, and every thing else that is proper for them. Indeed, they are always as neat as any little girls in the village; and if they are but good, every body will love them. The land which their father farms belongs to a very kind uncle, who lives with them; and the house in which they all dwell together so happily, was formerly their grandmo-

ther's, who was a very good woman, and who often prayed to God to make her children good, that they might first love God, and then they would be sure to love each other. Their aunt, Sally Carter, is very fond of them, and she often invites them to her house, and talks to them about her mother who is gone to heaven. She hopes her little nieces will by-and-by go there too; but she tells them that none can get to that happy place without first learning the *way to it.*

When the Elmden Sunday-school was opened, almost all the boys and girls in the village came to it. Mary and Frances were expected among the rest; but they thought it would be such a thing to go among all the ladies, that even little Frances was some time in making up her mind to come. Poor Mary, the

eldest, was so shy, that she dare not come the first morning. Euphemia, one of Mrs. Stewart's younger daughters, was a curly-headed, brisk little girl, of about nine years of age, very good-humoured and cheerful, and quite able to take a small class. These nice little girls, being younger than herself, were put to her class, and she was very much pleased with them. Frances was also pleased with her mistress, but she scarcely knew what to make of every thing that was going on.

A little while before the school was over, Frances began to tire, and she gave Euphemia a gentle pinch on the arm, saying: "When shall we be let home, mistress?" She was told that she must wait patiently for a little while, and then she would see. When Frances went home, she told her mother that the ladies were very kind indeed, and that she liked

them very much, but she did not wish to go again until the next Sunday. The following Sunday the timid little Mary accompanied her sister Frances; they both of them behaved very well, and were soon very fond of going to school. They took great pains to learn their lessons, and attended to what was said to them, as all good children ought, for they are commanded to “hear instruction, and be wise,” Prov. viii. 33. and to “obey them that have the rule over them.”

Mary frequently staid a few days at her aunt Sally’s, and slept with her favourite cousin, Mary. When Saturday evening came, she said, “Cousin Mary, I must go home; I cannot stay with you any longer.”—“And why must you leave me to-night, Mary?” said her cousin. “Because to-morrow is Sunday, and the School is at the other end of the

village, and if I stay here all night, I am afraid I shall not be there in time."—“ Well, you must go if you will; but I can send Bobby for your clean clothes to-night, and I will dress you in the morning myself; and you shall have your breakfast before eight o'clock, and go to school with your cousins; you will be there in a few minutes; it is not far from our house.”—“ No, thank you, cousin Mary; I like to stay with you very much, and I will come and see you again next week, if you will let me; but I would rather go home to-night, if you please, because I shall be nearer school in the morning.” So little Mary put her arms about her cousin's neck, kissed her, and said, “ Good-bye, cousin Mary; I am sorry to leave you; but I shall soon see you again,” and off she sat, like a little lapwing.

When she got home, she looked over

her Watts's Catechism and her hymn, and then she asked her mother to let her have her supper; and as soon as she had eaten it, she got herself washed, repeated a hymn, said her prayers, and went to bed. She awoke very early in the morning, jumped out of bed, and popped on her shoes and stockings; just as she had done this, her uncle John awoke, and hearing her move, he said, "Who is that?"—"Me, uncle."—"Who?"—"Mary."—"What are you doing?"—"Dressing, uncle."—"What for, child?"—"To be ready for the Sunday-school."—"For the Sunday-school! why surely you mean to go to the Hall, and call the ladies up; they will be fast asleep when you get there."—"No, indeed, uncle, they are always at school before a quarter to nine, and they like us to be early."—"A quarter to nine!" said the uncle, "why it is not five o'clock

yet; get into bed, and go to sleep again, my good little lass."

Mary got into bed, as her uncle desired her; but, instead of going to sleep, she turned and turned about, and was always on the watch, for fear of being too late, till at last she obtained her uncle's permission to call the servant-maid, who got up and lighted the fire. Little Mary awoke her sister Frances, and they were both of them soon dressed, for they helped each other: Mary tied Frances's frock, and Frances tied Mary's. They put their combs and brushes in the drawer, and folded up their night-gowns and night-caps, and stuck pins in them, to keep them both together, that nobody might have to seek for them in the evening; for their mother would have been displeased if she had found a cap in one place and a night-gown in another; of course, every notable little girl would be

shocked at such untidiness as leaving her own clothes strewed about the bed-room.

As soon as Frances and Mary got out of bed, they repeated a little text: this morning, they said, "I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me." And when they were dressed, they said the following pretty hymn, first Mary, then Frances saying a verse:

" When morning comes, the birds arise,  
And raise their voices to the skies;  
With warbling notes and cheerful lays,  
They sing their kind Creator's praise.

Shall I, then, from my chamber go,  
Or any work presume to do,  
Before I've sought the God of Heaven,  
And my just morning tribute giv'n?

Come, then, my soul, awake and pray,  
And praise thy Maker day by day:  
Bless him for raiment, health, and food,  
And for each peaceful night's abode.

Lest ev'ry bird's harmonious song

Reproach me as I walk along,

Thoughtless of Him, whose guardian power

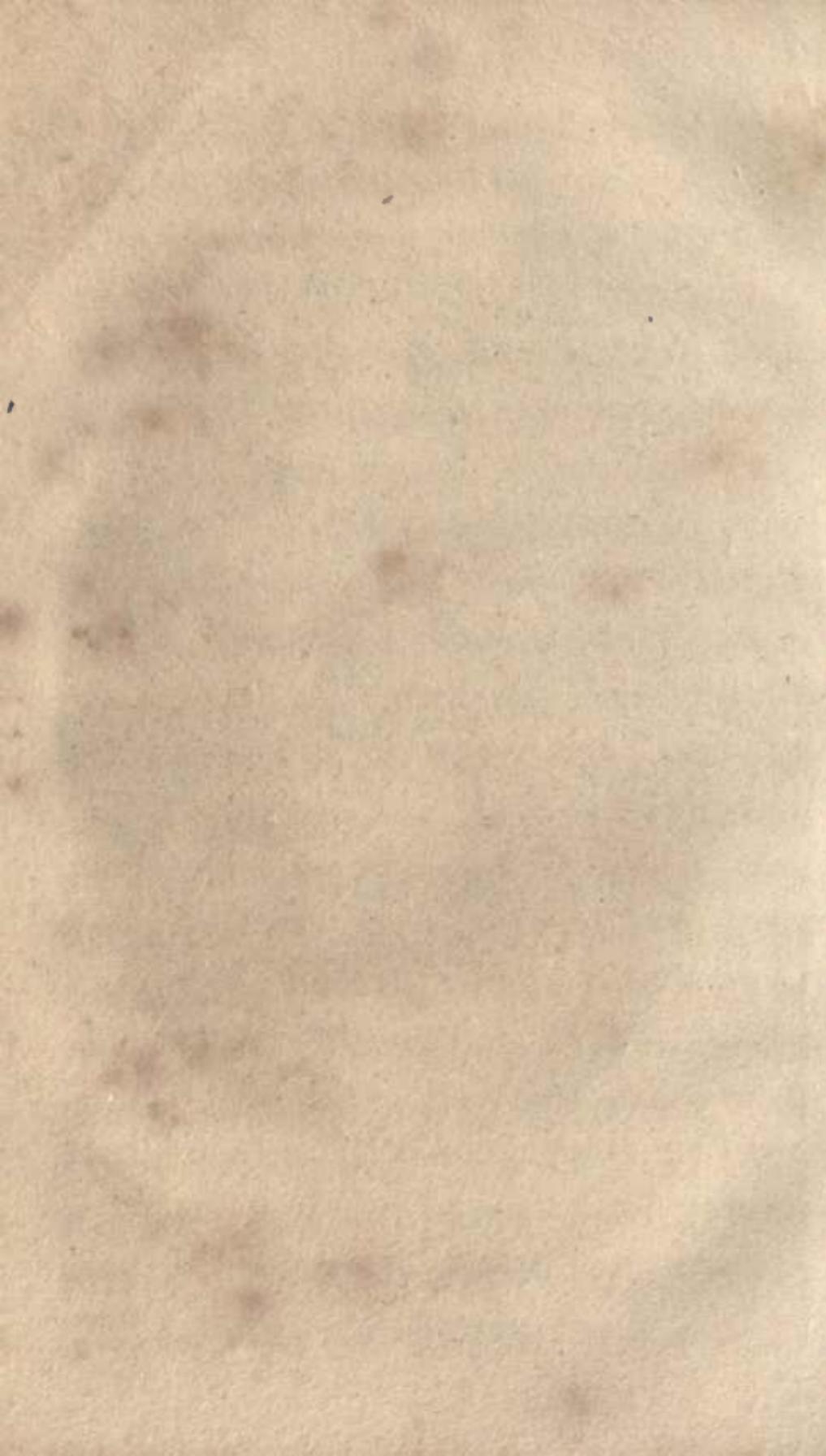
Upholds and keeps me ev'ry hour."

After having said their prayers, they got their breakfasts, and set off to school without delay. And, after all, they were so early, that the school-door was not unlocked. They went into a neighbour's house, and stayed by the fire till they saw the ladies coming; and then they ran up the steps, and got into the school the very first persons; and they were so glad when one of the ladies smiled, and said: "Good little girls, I am pleased to find you here in such good time." Euphemia asked them if they had repeated a text and a hymn before they said their prayers; they said they had, and told her which text and hymn. So they conversed a little together about them.



MARY & FRANCES GOING to SCHOOL.

*See page 6.*



*E.* To sustain, means to support, to take care of. Who took care of you last night, while you were asleep?

*M.* God.

*E.* Who caused you to awake in health and peace this morning?

*F.* God.

*E.* Who sustains you with food, and every thing necessary for you?—*M.* God.

*E.* What is God continually doing for you?—*F.* He keeps me from harm by night and by day, and is always doing me good.

*E.* And how ought you to show your gratitude to God, who is so good to you?—*M.* I must learn to know him first, and then I must do every thing to please him.

*E.* You are good little girls; mamma always desires me to think about what I learn, and I find that you understand

your Watts's Catechism, that is, the use we ought to make of it. To presume, means to dare, to venture ; and tribute, means to pay an acknowledgment.

**E.** What should you not dare to do?

**F.** We should not go out of our bedroom, or do any work, till we have prayed to God, and praised him.

**E.** What is the only tribute which children can bring to God ?—**M.** Prayer and praise.

**E.** Does God want the praises of children ?—**F.** No ; but he bids them praise him, because he loves them, and wishes them to be happy.

**E.** Is it not very kind of God to take care of little children ?—**M.** Yes.

**E.** Can children do the great God any good ?—**F.** No.

**E.** Say the verse you learned about that.

*M.* “ If I tried with all my might,  
 And did the best I could ;  
 I should not always do it right,  
 And could not do him good.”

*E.* What is the word that means clothes?—*M.* Raiment.

*E.* If you do not praise God, what will the musical song of the little birds do?—*M.* Blame me.

*E.* That is right; reproach, means to blame, to find fault with ; and guardian care, means defending, or protecting care. Now, I think you understand your hymn and text, so we will go to our other lessons ; and if you do not know the meaning of any thing, you must ask me ; and if I cannot explain it to you, I will go and ask mamma about it.

When school was over for the day, and this nice little family were sitting round the comfortable fire at home, they told their father, and mother, and uncle,

what they had learned at school, and then they began to talk about their teachers. Their brother John said he liked his teacher very much, who, he said, was very clever, and knew a great deal; then little Frances insisted that her mistress was as clever, and knew as much as any of them. "What! as much as the big ladies, Frances?" said the mother. "Yes, indeed, I think Miss Euphemia knows as much as any of them."—"Well, if you think so," said the father, "you had better mind every thing she says to you."—"Yes, father, I will, for I love her very *much*," added Frances.

## SECTION II.

MARY one day went with her aunt to water some linen which was bleaching on the grass. The meadow looked very pretty; there were several clusters of trees planted in different parts of it, to improve the view: the silvery clouds were floating along the tops of the opposite mountains, and the young lambs were frolicing about in a neighbouring field. Mary looked very much pleased. “Is not it very pretty just here, Mary?” said Mrs. Carter. “Do you know what day to-morrow will be, aunt?” said Mary, without seeming to hear what had been said to her. “Yes, my lass,” replied the aunt. “Ah!” continued Mary,

“ it is the day of all the week which I like the best ; and can you guess why, aunt ? ” — “ No, Mary, I cannot tell your thoughts. What is it that makes you like it so much ? ” — “ Well, then, it is because we go to the Sunday-school to-morrow.”

The cawing of the rooks drew their attention to the old trees in the Crow-park, in which a colony of these birds were busily employed in building their nests. The aunt admired the turrets of the ancient tower, peeping through the trees ; but the little girl said : “ Look there, how pretty, aunt ! ” pointing to the bower, all covered with beautiful flowers, with seats round it, and a large table in the middle, where the ladies often drank tea of a fine summer’s evening, to enjoy the mountain scenery which this opening in the garden-walk afforded them.

“ Do you see how very busy those

birds are, Mary? They put me in mind of a pretty poem which Miss Euphemia wrote out for you."—"Oh, yes, aunt; it is so pretty; and there is a bird, and a bee, and an ant, drawn upon it, and I know it every bit off. Shall I say it to you, aunt?"—"Yes, my dear."

"Who'll come and play with me under the tree?  
My sisters have left me alone;  
My sweet little sparrow, come hither to me,  
And play with me while they are gone.

'Oh, no, little lassy, I can't come, indeed,  
I've no time to idle away;  
I've got all my dear little children to feed,  
They've not had a morsel to-day.'

Pretty bee, do not hurry away over the wall,  
But come here and play with me, do;  
The sparrow won't come and stay with me at all,  
But say, pretty bee, will not you?

'Oh, no, little lassy, for do not you see,  
Those must work who would prosper and thrive;  
If I play, they will call me a sad idle bee,  
And, perhaps, turn me out of the hive.'

Stop! stop! little ant, do not run off so fast,  
 Wait with me a little and play;  
 I hope I shall find a companion at last,  
 You are not so busy as they.

'Oh, no, little lassy, I can't stay with you,  
 We're not made to play, but to labour;  
 I always have something or other to do,  
 If not for myself, for a neighbour.'

What, then! they have all some employment  
 I see,  
 While I loiter here like a dunce;  
 Oh, then, like the ant, and the sparrow, and bee,  
 I'll go to my lessons at once."

" You are a good girl, like the little  
 busy bee, and not like the dunce, I see,  
 Mary."

## SECTION III.

IT happened one Sunday evening, when Frances was sitting on her little chair in the parlour, with a book in her hand, that nobody but her father was in the room; and she supposed him to be asleep, because he was lying back in his chair with his eyes shut, so she held the following conversation with herself :

“ Now I will be the ladies. Oh! they are such nice ladies! and they do talk so nicely! I should like to talk as they do.—‘ Well, now, Mary Lowry, you must read distinctly, and do not be afraid; you will do very well in time, for you take pains.’ That is the way Mrs. Stewart talks. Oh, dear, she is such a nice, kind lady! ‘ Come, my dear children, it is easy to see whether you are attentive, by your faces. I expect you to be very orderly,

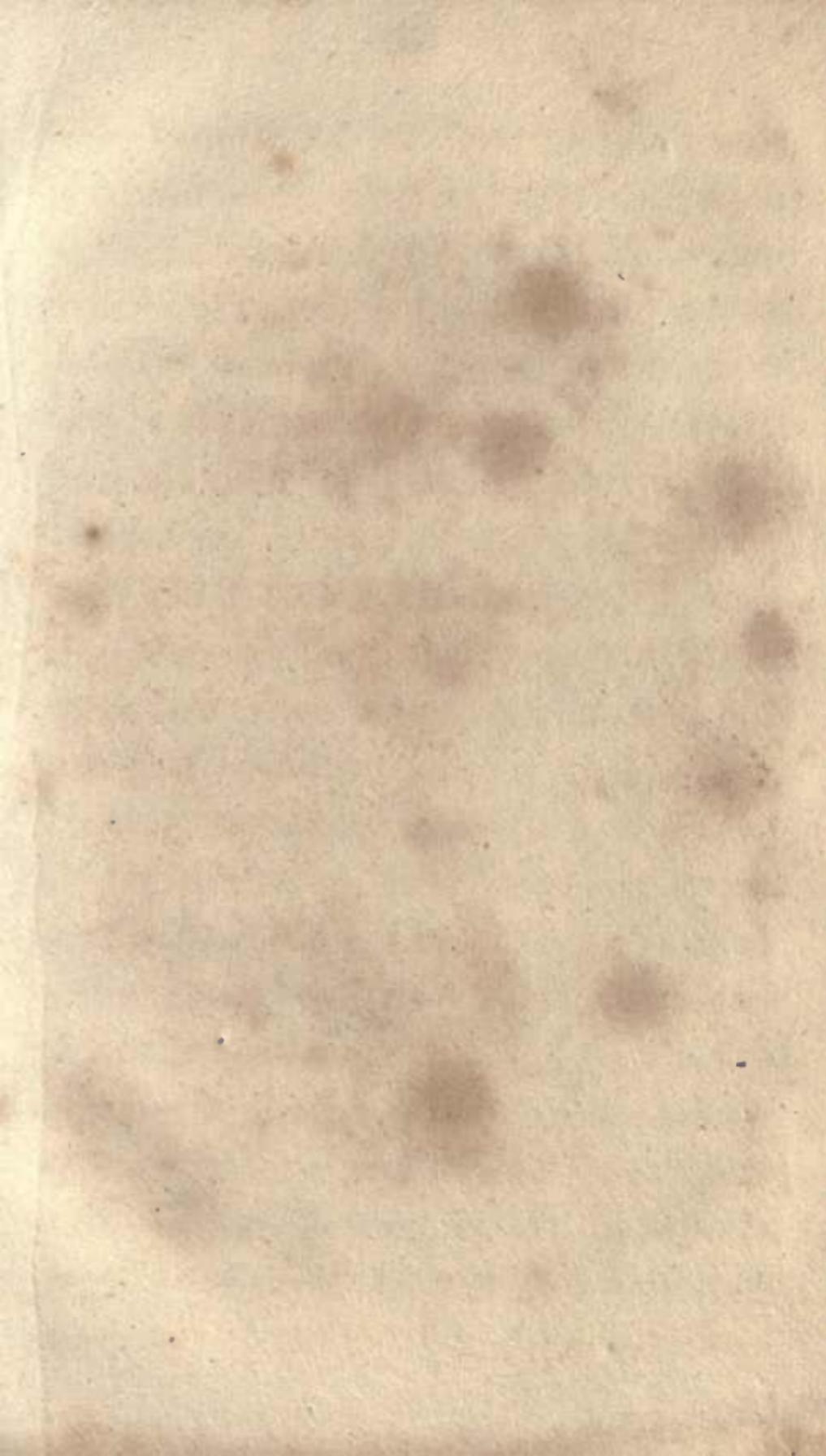
and as diligent as possible. You must all try who shall learn the most, and behave the best.' There, now I am Miss Stewart! 'Are you tired of standing? Well, then, you shall sit down.' That is like Miss C. 'Sarah Johnson, is your sister better? Tell her she must drink some new milk every morning, and mind not to go out when it is wet or cold. I shall come and see her next week.' Now, that is Miss M. 'Come, little Frances, do you know your hymn? Good little girl, it is very well said.' Oh! that nice Miss Euphemia, my dear little mistress: she gives me a pat on the cheek, and is so very kind."

Just as Frances was stroking her cheek, her father opened his eyes, saying, "Well, Frances, you have been very busy: you have acted fine ladies and yourself too, in a very little while." The child coloured, for she did not think that she had been overheard.

## SECTION. IV.

EUPHEMIA, with her mamma's permission, bought a very nice Watts's Hymn-book, to give to her two little scholars; and as she was going to take it up to them, her papa, who was exceedingly kind to every body in the neighbourhood, happened to be crossing the lawn. "Where are you going, Jill?" said he. "Into the village, papa, to take a little book for Mary and Francis Anderson, to learn their lessons out of against Sunday. Mamma allows me to go."—"And what is that pretty basket in your hand for?"—"To bring home a little moss, and some wild geranium, or any queer little thing we may chance to find."—"Follow me, little Brisk, and I will show you

something queer;" so she tripped after papa into the garden. "Is not that queer, Jill?" putting first one and then another strange thing into the basket. "Set off with you, Jill, and take all those bottled wasps to your little scholars; say papa sent them with his compliments." "Now, papa, how funny!"—"Funny, indeed! do as I bid you."—"Dear papa!" just as she said this, the garden-boy came with the steps, placed them against the peach-tree, and held a basket, while his master gathered about a dozen peaches. "What, not gone, Jill: I thought you were in a hurry: away with you!"—"Now, papa, don't——!" "Don't what? make the wasps a present of a dozen of peaches, or as many as they choose, and your little scholars a present of two or three hundred of bottled wasps?—Joking apart, shall your little girls or the wasps





EUPHEMIA & SOMETHING 'QUEER'

*See page 24*

eat these peaches?" — "Thank you, papa," said Euphemia, with a sparkling eye, for she now began to understand what her papa meant. "Thank me for what? — for the wasps!" — "No, no, papa; thank you for the peaches which you are going to give me." — "For the peaches, to be sure! well, take them, and be off with them; and if you think people will like them, you shall take a dozen to another of our neighbours to-morrow; for here are scores that will be eaten by the wasps, if we do not gather them soon; but stop, here is one for yourself." — "Thank you, thank you! Off I go; good bye, papa: good little wasps!" Euphemia gave the basket of peaches to Mrs. Anderson, and then she said: "Mary and Frances, I have brought you a little book; it is to be between you both, and you can learn

your hymns for Sunday out of it: take care of it," added she, as she put it into Mary's hand.

No sooner was the book given, than Frances stretched out her hand for it; Mary immediately gave it to her. Little Frances tucked the book under her arm, as if she was sole mistress of it, and away the little girls went, hand in hand.

They were both of them interesting little girls, but, like all children, they had their faults, which we hope they will correct by-and-by; for it is a sad thing when people grow older, without becoming wiser and better: and we are quite sure, that all children who attend to what good people teach them, and who pray to God to make them humble, teachable, and mild, must improve a little every day.

Mary was as mild and gentle as a lamb, and would give up to any body; but she was rather too apt to cry when she was spoken to. This is a very bad habit, and those who did not understand children's dispositions very well, did not love Mary so much as she deserved, because they thought she was out of humour when she cried. Frances was of a very different disposition; the ladies often said to each other: "That little child has a very sharp eye; I do not think any little girl of her own age, would be able to impose upon her." And so it turned out, for at home Frances was always the head girl, and Mary stayed wherever her younger sister pleased.

The next Sunday, Frances, who learned much quicker than her sister, was taught this very suitable text: "Be

*ye kindly affectionate one towards another, in honour, preferring one another."*

She was told that there are many ways in which children can show kindness to each other, that are as pleasant to the child who shows it, as it is agreeable to her to whom it is shown; but that, in order to obey the command given in the text, a child must be kind and civil to another, when it is against her own inclination; for instance, if a thing is given to two children, one should not wish to have it till the other has done with it; and she who has it, should get done with it as fast as she can, that the other may have it; and that one child should not try to keep another back, that she may push herself forward; that, on the contrary, children should try to imitate the blessed Saviour, who left his throne in heaven, where he was surrounded

with glory, and attended by the holy angels, and came into our world, and took upon him the form of a servant, and went about doing acts of kindness even to his enemies.

## SECTION V.

THE young ladies observing that Frances one morning went out and in very often, told their younger sister. Euphemia immediately called her little scholar, and said, "Frances, you have been out of the school-room very often this morning, did you ask leave?"— "Yes, ma'am."—"Whom did you ask?"—"I asked myself, ma'am!"—"Then I must take you to my aunt, that you may learn to ask somebody else: she will tell you, that little girls are not wise enough to be their own mistresses; and that good children always ask permission of somebody older than themselves." Though Frances knew that Miss Stewart would talk very kindly to her about

it, she was ashamed of being taken to her on such an occasion, and said: "Miss Euphemia, if you will not take me to your aunt, I will not ask myself again." Kind Miss Euphemia said: "As you are but a very little girl, I will excuse you; and I dare say you will not do it again." Frances's uncle John had been away from home for some time; when he came back, somebody, we do not know whom, told him the story: I suppose it was a person who thought it an amusing anecdote; certainly it was not told through ill-nature. So, one day, when little Frances and he were very kind together, as they almost always were, he said, "Frances, do you go to the Sunday-school, now?" — "Yes, uncle." — "And are you very good?" — "Oh, yes, uncle." — "And do you ever ask to go out, Frances?" — "Yes, uncle." — "Whom do you ask?" — "Sometimes I

ask Miss Stewart ; sometimes I ask Miss Catherine ; sometimes I ask Miss Mary ; and sometimes I ask Miss Euphemia."—  
" Do you ever ask yourself, Frances ?" Poor Frances burst into tears, and said, " Oh, uncle, I will never do so any more."

Both Mary and Frances are very notable little girls, and very ready to make themselves useful : they can make shirts and pinafores, and many other things. Sometimes, of an evening, one of them reads a pretty book aloud, while the other works. Euphemia gave one of them *The Sunday-school Child's Reward*, and the other, *The Busy Bee*. They were so much pleased with these little books, that they almost learned them off. They said, " We must try to be as industrious as the little busy bee ; we must keep our draws as neat and

our room as tidy as the good little girl did; and we must read our Bible, and pray to God as she did. I should like to have seen the little white house at the foot of the hill besprinkled with roses," said Mary. "Yes, and how pretty it must have been to see the Sunday-school child sitting on the gate, with a posy for the lady who had been so good to her," said Frances.

During one of these conversations, Mrs. Anderson, who happened to be very busy, called her little girls from their needlework, to do some jobs about the house; when they had done what their mother desired them, they went back to their work: just as they were in the midst of a pretty story, Mrs. Anderson called Frances; but, instead of running directly, as a dutiful child should do, she sat still, and said, "Frances again!

Frances again! always Frances!"—"Yes, Frances again, as often as I please," said her mother; "and come immediately, Frances:" of course she was obliged to go.

## SECTION VI.

THE ladies heard of this little affair; and, during the week, Euphemia drew a little picture, which she called the "*Obedient Girl.*" It was a picture of a mother, who, being very busy, called her daughter, who was reading a very amusing story: the child threw down her book the moment she heard her mother's voice, and ran to do what she was bid. Above the picture was written, *This is what all good children ought to do:* for the Bible says, "Obey your parents in all things." And underneath it she printed a hymn, which Frances learned during the following week.

“ Oh, that it were my chief delight  
 To do the things I ought !

Then let me try, with all my might,  
 To mind what I am taught.

Wherever I am told to go,  
 I'll cheerfully obey ;

Nor will I mind it much, although  
 I leave a pretty play.

When I am bid, I'll freely bring  
 Whatever I have got ;

And never touch a pretty thing,  
 If mother tells me not.

When she permits me, I may tell  
 About my little toys ;

But if she's busy, or unwell,  
 I must not make a noise.

And when I learn my hymns to say,  
 And work, and read, and spell ;  
 I will not think about my play,  
 But try to do it well.

For God looks down from heav'n on high,  
 Our actions to behold ;  
 And he is pleased when children try  
 To do as they are told.”



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

*See page 42.*



And, on the next Sunday, the following conversation took place:

*E.* What ought to be your chief delight?—*F.* To do the things I ought.

*E.* Out of what book do you learn what you ought to do?—*F.* Out of the Bible.

*E.* What is the last duty you learned from the Bible?—*F.* To obey my parents.

*E.* Who orders you to obey your parents?—*F.* God.

*E.* Who is angry with disobedient children?—*F.* God.

*E.* Are you afraid of God's anger?—*F.* Yes.

*E.* Why are you afraid of God's anger?—*F.* Because he can kill my body, and make my soul miserable after my body is dead.

*E.* Who always sees all you do, and knows all you say?—*F.* God.

*E.* What should this make you afraid of doing?—*F.* Bad things.

*E.* What is doing bad things?—  
*F.* Not doing what God commands me, or doing what he forbids me.

*E.* And when you have broken God's commandments, by doing naughty things, what ought you to do?—*F.* I ought to be sorry for my fault, pray to God to forgive me, for Christ's sake, and ask him for grace to enable me to do so no more.

*E.* That is right; and you should examine yourself, that is, try to recollect what naughty things you have done, that you may be sorry for them, and ask God to forgive you. Suppose you think for a minute or two, and try to recollect when you last broke the command given in the text.

After a pause, Frances blushed. Euphemia said: “I do not want you to tell

me your fault; if you remember any, you can say in your heart: 'Pray God forgive me, and help me to keep thy commandments better for the time to come'"

## SECTION VII.

MOST of the boys and girls who attended the parish church, went there once a year, to say their Catechism to the clergyman; and though they had no explanation of it, nor any instruction given them at the time, the ladies encouraged their Sunday-school children to go; so that, after their Sunday-school began, a great many more children went from Elmden than from any other village in the parish. They thought it very useful to the children, as it made them very diligent about learning it; and it might also lead to good, by teaching them to look up to ministers of religion for instruction; and to the house of God, as the place in

which they are to expect to learn how to be good and happy here, and the way to get to heaven hereafter.

Frances is now about seven years old, and this happened nearly three years ago. The ladies thought her too young, and so they did not teach her the Catechism; but Mary had hers to learn, which took her a very long time, as she was rather slow in learning. Frances thought she would say her Catechism at church as well as the rest; so she just listened to her sister, who did her very best every evening to get it perfect: and before Mary had succeeded, Frances knew it every word off. The next Sunday, when one of the ladies said, "Every child that knows her Catechism, must come to me," up came little Frances among the rest; and she did not miss one word, which surprised them

very much. In the afternoon, as they were going to hear how the children said it, who should pass the carriage but Mary and Frances, and their two brothers, all on one horse, two behind and two before their father. And it gave the ladies pleasure to hear all the children say their Catechism very well.

People are always pleased with children who learn well; but it very often happens, that she who is a long time getting her lesson, deserves more praise, and wants more encouragement than she who can get it off in a short time, with very little trouble to herself. Some grown people forget this, and do quick children a great deal of harm, by praising them too much: the ladies suspected this to be the case with little Frances; for when there was company at her mother's or her aunt's, especially at Christmas, almost every body

asked Frances to read, and repeat some of her nice hymns to them; and many of them said, "What a clever pretty little girl she is!" Mary was never jealous of her sister, but there was great danger of Frances becoming vain: she sometimes said, 'Thou art so long in learning, I would learn three lessons before thou knowest one.'—And people who judge of little girls thoughts by their looks, said Frances often looked a little conceited. Whether it was so or not, the ladies thought it would be a good opportunity for giving Frances a little instruction on the subject. So they gave her a text to learn, for the Bible was the great regulator of all the children under their care: "*Be not wise in thine own conceit;*" and when she had learned this text, the following conversation took place:

*E.* What is wisdom?—*F.* The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

*E.* That is a very proper answer; for we may know a great many things, and yet not be wise; but if we really fear God, we shall not be conceited of doing so. Wisdom, means that knowledge which enables people to act properly on all occasions; but when we are wise in our own conceit, we often act wrong: for we think we know better than other people, and do not wish to be guided by their advice. Grown-up people, who know a great deal more than children, must not be proud of what they know; for the Bible says, “What hast thou that thou didst not receive? now, if thou didst receive *it*, why dost thou glory?” Who gives us our sense and reason, and enables us to learn?—*F.* God.

*E.* Whom ought we to thank for it?

*F.* God.

*E.* If God did not preserve our senses, could we learn any thing?—

*F.* No.

*E.* If God were to deprive us of our sense, could we regain it by any power of our own?—*F.* No.

*E.* Do not you see, then, that we ought not to be proud of what is only lent to us, and may be taken away from us in a moment?—*F.* Yes.

*E.* And what is the proper place for humility?—*F.* A little infant's heart.

*E.* Repeat to me the first verse of the hymn about humility.

*F.* “In a modest, humble mind,  
God himself will take delight ;  
But the proud and haughty find  
They are hateful in his sight.”

*E.* Now I will read a parable to you.

Do you remember what a parable is?—

*F.* An instructive history.

*E.* Who often spoke in parables?—

*F.* Jesus Christ.

*E.* Why did our Saviour use parables?

*F.* To explain the truths of the Gospel to them who wished to learn of him.

*E.* And do you wish to learn what the blessed Saviour taught?—*F.* Yes.

*E.* Well, sit down, for you have been standing a good while, and I shall begin at the 14th verse, and read to the 30th verse of the 25th chapter of St. Matthew. It is called the Parable of the Talents, and shows that we must give an account to God of the use we make of our sense, and of our abilities of every kind. For, “to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.”

Frances was very attentive to her young mistress while she read it, and she

afterwards answered all the questions which Euphemia asked her.

*E.* How many talents did he bring back who had received five talents?—

*F.* Five talents more than his Lord gave him at first.

*E.* And how many did he bring back who had but two talents at first?—

*F.* He brought back four talents; two which his Lord gave him at first, and two more which he had gained afterwards.

*E.* What did the Lord say to him who brought back the four talents?—

*F.* “Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

*E.* What did the Lord say to him who brought the ten talents?—*F.* The very same words which he afterwards said to the man who had but four.

*E.* So you see, Frances, “where

much is given, much is required." But what did the Lord call him who had made no use of his talent?—*F.* "Thou wicked and slothful servant."

*E.* When the talent was taken from the unprofitable servant, what did the Lord command?—*F.* "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

*E.* We should learn from this parable, that God requires us to make the best use of the abilities which he has given us, and that those who are slothful, will be severely punished; and we should also learn from it, not to despise others who may have fewer talents than we have; for God said: "Well done, good and faithful servant," to him who had done the best he could with the two talents: and he said no more to him who did the same with five. He who

has grace to make a right use of one talent, will be accepted of God, while he that makes a bad use of twenty, will be cast out of his glorious presence. Do you remember the question before the Lord's Prayer in the Church Catechism?—*F.* Yes.

*E.* What does it tell you you want, to enable you to walk in the commandments of God?—*F.* His special grace.

*E.* How must you call for it?—*F.* By diligent prayer.

*E.* I hope you will pray for it, and always remember that you must not trust in any goodness of your own.

**SECTION VIII.**

THE young ladies were very fond of drawing, and towards the end of the year they usually prepared New-year's gifts for their papa and mamma, brothers and sisters; and they never forgot to make some little thing for every female in the house: a pretty little basket, with a bunch of flowers on it, for one; a pin-cushion, for another; a needle-book, for a third; all with some pretty little painting on them. Euphemia drew very nicely, and employed every moment of the play-time, that her mamma would allow her to take from exercise, in preparing her presents. One day, when they were busy drawing, Euphemia

said: "How nice it would be to make a New-year's gift for our little scholars, Catherine; if you will make for Mary Graham, Mary Lowry, and Sarah Johnson, and if sister Mary will make for Mary Johnson and Eleanor Graham, I will make for Mary and Frances Anderson."—"Oh, dear, I never thought of that, Phe. You are a nice little puss; how delightful that will be," said Mary; "I am sure Kate will help us. Come, let us work as fast as our pencils can move." The pincushions, needle-books, and baskets, were soon cut out; a bird was painted on one, a butterfly on another, a group of shells on another, flowers on a fourth, and a little dog on a fifth. There were only two more to make, and these were for Mary and Frances. "We must not have all our presents alike," said Mary. "No," replied Euphemia; "but my two scholars

must have something pretty, and they ought to be both of them nearly alike. What can I make? Let us think. Ah! I know what I will do; my aunt gave me a paper of comfits the other day, so I will make each of them a nice little box, and put some comfits in it, and under the comfits there shall be a drawing of themselves, in those pretty blue frocks which they often come to school in."—"That will be very nice," said Mary; "and I should like to draw one of them for you: do let me help you, Phe; you know that you have been helping me, so it will only be fair, and I do so wish to draw one of those sweet little lasses."—"Very well, you shall do it if you wish, Mary."

Euphemia did not draw so well as her elder sister, but she took so much pains, that the little girl in the bottom of her box was quite pretty; and she wrote

underneath it, Frances A——. When Mary looked at it, she said; "How beautiful Phe: why, I did not think you could draw one quarter so well."— "Yours," said Euphemia, "will be a great deal better done than mine."— "Indeed it is not," said Mary, "for I did not take pains with it."

When the two boxes were compared, Euphemia's little girl was so much prettier than Mary's, that she said; "We must give this to Frances, for she is so quick, that she will soon perceive the difference, and fancy we think her pretty. Besides, people are so apt to praise her, that she may, perhaps, stick herself up a little; so we will turn my little girl into a blackamoor, for the top of the box, and draw another little Frances for the bottom of it." When they had every thing prepared, they

said: "How charming it would be, if papa would allow the girls to come down to the house on New-year's day to fetch their presents; it would amuse them very much to see our pretty things." Papa's permission was soon obtained; but he said that, for fear of exciting jealousy, it must be confined to the children of his own farmers, and to the gamekeeper's daughter; and as for Euphemia's little scholars, they could come with their cousin Mary, whose father was one of his tenants.

## SECTION IX.

THE happy morning came; the young ladies arose with hearts full of glee; it was a whole holiday; they had no lessons to learn that morning; they could go and get some branches of evergreen, if the gardener would show them what they might take, and be in again by half-past eight. Just as mamma came into the school-room to read the Bible with her family, and to hear them say their hymns and texts, in came the happy young group, with rosy cheeks blooming under the laurel boughs with which they had adorned themselves. When family-prayer was over, the breakfast-bell rung: the young ones

were not long over their breakfasts. The box which contained the accumulated treasures of sixteen years was brought out. It is impossible to say how many things it contained, for the children had a great many kind friends, who made them presents of toys and different curiosities, which they were never allowed to destroy. When they were tired of them, they were put by carefully, and only brought out now and then. It would have amused you to see how busy all the young ones were: the globes were to be taken away; the sloping board carried out of the room; Bella was to make the hearth and fireplace as neat as possible, and to bring a table out of the nursery, for they should want another. The chimney-piece was decorated with paintings; there were card-racks, flower-stands, screens, and match figures. The tables were covered

with shell-baskets, work-bags of different kinds, note-cases, work-boxes, pin-cushions, needle-books, and little parcels of cards for the young children. On one set of cards were the different parts of speech, with a short rhyme to explain them ; there was a border painted round each card, and a temple of science on the card-case ; on another set of cards a number of different animals, all drawn by one or other of the sisters. Then all the dolls were drest in their best ; Mrs. Leslie, a beautiful wax-doll, whose eyes opened and shut, was ready to get into the carriage ; she was going to a dinner-party : Lucinda, a very large wax-doll, which a lady had made for Euphemia, was as big as a baby ; she was ready for the nurse to carry out into the air. Peggy, the housemaid, a jointed doll, was making Mrs. Leslie's large four-post bed ; and a sweet little wax baby, about

as long as one's hand, was lying in a bed which Mary had made for her sister Caroline. The four posts were made of the bottoms of peacock's feathers, fastened to a frame of Bristol board, by strong pins; it had a painted cornice, muslin curtains, with blue silk drapery; a white cotton mattress, stuffed with wool; pillow-cases, with little frills round them; blankets bound round with narrow white ribbon; a white satin counterpane, beautifully quilted: and every thing completed in the neatest manner. She had also made a small octagon table of Bristol board, done in black and white, in imitation of ebony and ivory, and a little stand of the same kind, which held a pretty basin and ewer. She had made them during an illness which confined her to the nursery. There was Joan Hoogeveen, with her

basket on her arm, skaiting away to market—

“Over the frozen hard snow and the ice,  
At market our maiden will be in a trice;  
Pack up the poultry close and warm,  
Hang the small basket fast on her arm;  
Put in the bag with the new laid eggs;  
Ne’er fear, she will keep them all safe on her legs.  
It is but a dozen or twenty miles,  
Without any hedges or clambering stiles.”

Joan Hoogeveen is a Dutch doll with joints, which Mrs. Stewart, when she was travelling through Holland, had dressed in the costume of a dutch peasant; she had on several very full petticoats, which did not come half way down the leg; the upper petticoat was made of coloured woollen cloth; she wore a gown body, without any tail, made of print; a full apron; a coloured handkerchief about her neck; very long gold ear-rings, and an amazing large

straw hat, with scarcely any crown, but with a brim almost as large as a doll's tea-tray, lined with print, the same as her gown-body; the brim of her hat is not tied down at all; so if any of my little readers wish to make a Dutch woman's bonnet for their little dolls, they have nothing to do but to take a doll's tea-tray, that measures about ten inches round, turn it upside down, line it with coloured cotton of any kind, and stick it on the back of the doll's head, and they will see the sort of hat directly.

There is a great deal of ice in Holland during winter, so that the people are obliged to skait along the roads instead of walking; and the dress of this doll is exactly that of the country people.

## SECTION X.

WHILE Mary was hanging up her bird-cages, and tastefully adorning them and the room with wreaths of laurel, and bunches of artificial flowers, Euphemia ran down to ask her mamma if Robins might tap the little barrel of cowslip wine, which she and her sisters had made in the Spring. Permission being given, Euphemia presently got out the half dozen small wine-glasses, which had been given to them by their aunt. She put them on a little tray, with a plate of cake, which the cook had been ordered to give her, and Robins presently brought two doll's decanters full of sparkling wine. They were taken up

stairs, and put on a side table; and just as the preparations were all made, some of the little girls arrived. I wish you could have seen the pleasure that beamed in the eyes of the young ladies, and the admiration in those of the little girls as they came courtesying into the room. They seemed afraid of appearing forward, and yet they looked as if they did not know on which side to turn their eyes. Mary Anderson was gone from home; but poor Frances was quite frightened, when she heard that she was to go to the Hall; she thought the ladies were displeased because she was not at school the last Sunday. A tap at the school-room door was heard; and when one of the ladies opened the door, there was this little girl, with tears in her eyes, holding close to her cousin Mary. "Come in, my little dear," said the lady, taking her kindly by the hand;

"we are glad to see you." Frances brushed away the tear from her cheek, and began to smile.

The ladies led the little girls round the room, and explained every thing to them, asking them which they liked best. One said, the wax lady in the bed; another, the plate tray full of doll's plates. Sarah Johnson set up her little shoulders, and said, with a gentle laugh, "If you please, ma'am, I like the doll with the big hat; it looks so very funny."—"Perhaps you would like to wear such a dress yourself; it would be quite a new fashion in England; should you like it, Sarah?" said Miss Stewart, smiling.—"Please, ma'am, I think, I would rather not," answered Sarah, looking very much amused. One of these little girls seemed to admire the spun glass pen, which had a dove at the end, with an olive branch in its mouth,

more than any thing else; another of them preferred a little glass dog about the size of one's finger end; but a third thought the spun-glass feather and the little glass basket prettier than any thing else.

When they had looked at every thing, Euphemia poured out some cowslip wine, and gave them each a little glass of it, and a piece of cake; then the ladies gave every one of them the little present which was prepared for her. Miss Stewart said: "Well, Frances, you did not come to school last Sunday, and Mary has not come to see us to-day; so, to punish you, we have shut you both up in a box, and smothered you in comfits. You must carry yourself home, and your cousin Mary will be so kind as to carry your sister home: there, don't let the box fall: is it heavy?—No wonder, for there is little Frances at the

bottom. Do not you hear? Frances is laughing.

The happy little party separated, and it would be impossible to say whether the young ladies, or their little scholars, had enjoyed the greatest share of pleasure, if we did not think, that he who contributes to the happiness of his fellow-creatures, experiences a satisfaction superior to that which any self-gratification can afford.

## SECTION XI.

You will be prepared to hear that Frances was gradually cured of most of her little faults. She left off telling her sister Mary that she was a bad learner, and always tried to help and encourage her. The next Christmas, when their aunt Sally was helping their mother to make her mince pies, Mary was puzzling over the collect, which she wished to say to the ladies on Christmas-day : her good aunt said : “ Come, Mary, let us see whether you or I will know it first; you shall read a sentence, and then we will both repeat it together, till one of us knows it.” At this, Mary brightened up, and soon knew her collect.

Little Frances looked very pleased when her sister knew it, and said, "Why, Mary, they used to boast of my learning so quickly; but I think you will soon learn faster than I can."

Sometimes, when Frances went to see her cousin Mary, and found her aunt busy, she would say: "Do let me help you, aunt;" and she would take a towel, dry the plates, wash the cups and saucers, sweep the room, or do many other little affairs of the kind. Mary was just as useful a little girl, and so tidy. One day her cousin Mary, who had been drinking tea with them, wished to take her home to sleep with her, to stay the next day at their house, but her mother could not spare her. The Monday following, little Mary went to her aunt's, and as soon as she got there, she said, with great delight, "Is it not very kind of mother? she says I may stay all

the week, if my aunt and cousin please." They both said: "We are very glad, indeed, and very much obliged to your mother." On Wednesday, little Mary said: "I am very sorry, cousin Mary, but, if you please, I must go home."—"And why go home to-day, Mary, when my aunt gave you leave, till Saturday? You are tired of your aunt and cousins, I suppose!"—"Oh, no, I should like to stay very much indeed, but I have got a hole in my stocking, and I have no needle and worsted to mend it here."—"If that is all, Mary, we will soon remedy it, for I will mend it myself in a minute."

## SECTION XII.

EUPHEMIA had been giving some clothes to the other little girls in her class, but Mary and Frances were so abundantly supplied with every thing of that sort, that she did not think of giving them such things. Her mamma, however, thought it would please them very much, if Euphemia were to draw something for them: so Euphemia took two square pieces of Bristol board, and drew upon one of the cards a picture of little Samuel, taken from 1 Sam. chap. iii. She made a border round the card, and printed a text on the back of it, 1 Sam. chap. iii. 10. On the other card she

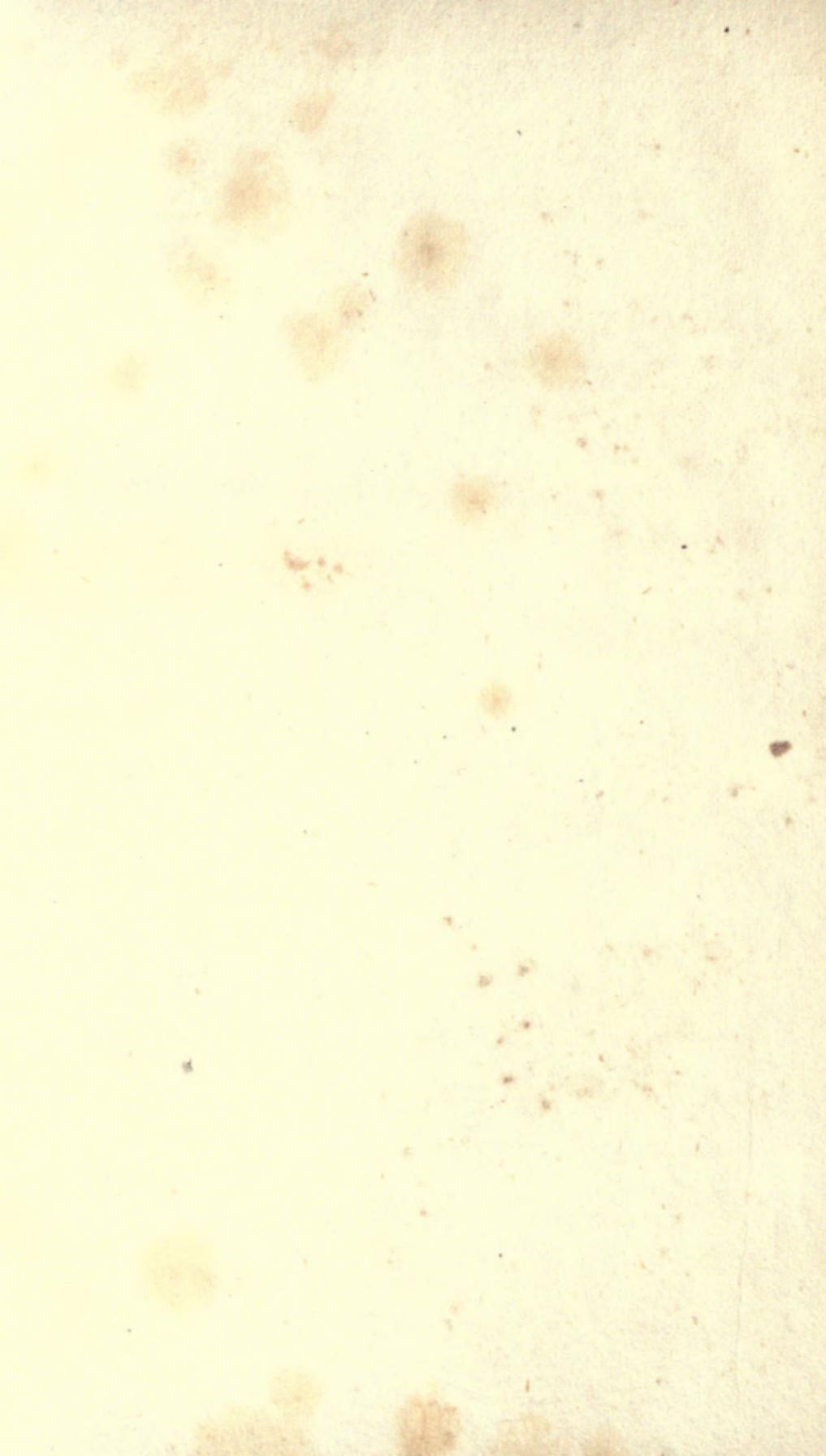
drew a picture of the mothers bringing their little children to the blessed Saviour; and on the back of it, a text from Matt. x. 14.—On Sunday she gave Mary the first choice, who chose the little children coming to Jesus; so Frances had the little Samuel. They were both of them quite delighted, and promised to learn the texts when they got home. Of course they showed their presents to their father and mother as soon as possible, who thought them so pretty, as to be worth a frame, and promised to send them to be glazed on the next market day. They had a little sister called Betsy, who said: “Miss Tooart naughty; no give Betsy picture. Betsy go to school to Miss Tooart, then Betsy be a dood dirl; and Miss Tooart make Betsy pretty picture.” Betsy was so young that she had not learnt

the commandment, “Thou shalt not covet.” So when Euphemia heard what Betsy had said, she replied: “Oh, the little dear, I will soon draw a card for her.” Euphemia went with the picture to Betsy, and as she passed the dairy, she saw Frances on her knees, scouring it with as much activity as if she had been a woman.

It is very pleasant to see that little girls in Euphemia’s situation of life, can make themselves useful to their neighbours, and turn even their accomplishments to advantage; this is only one of the many ways in which a child may do good. Euphemia’s mamma had taught her how to make herself useful in many other ways, which I may, perhaps, relate to you at some future time, if you are amused by this history. We must remember, that the Bible is the only book

which can teach us how to die; but we do not derive all the benefit we ought, if we do not also learn how to live from it.

### THE END.







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